THE

BRITON.

NUMBER XV.

To be continued every SATURDAY. *Price Two-pence Halfpenny.*

——Mihique poſtbac bonos potius defendere liceat,
Quam improbos accuſare neceſſe ſit.——

SATURDAY, *September 4th.*

IT is of little conſequence to the public, to know in what manner the following dialogue fell into my hands. The ſenſible reader will perceive it has all the external marks of being genuine; and as it is truly dramatic, the anxious politician will rejoice in peruſing ſuch an unqueſtionable proof of the virtue and abilities which diſtinguiſh thoſe illuſtrious patriots, who have charged themſelves with the taſk of vindicating their country from the diſgrace of a Scottiſh adminiſtration.

Lord GOTHAMSTOWE, and Capt. IAGO ANISEED.

Lord GOTH.

MY dear Aniſeed! come to my arms, thou cordial to my drooping ſpirits. 'Tis thou and thou alone that can'ſt diſpel thoſe cark-

carking cares that rankle in my boſom. Say, what tidings doſt thou bring?

ANISEED.

MISFORTUNE on misfortune! that curſed Scottiſh Earl——

Lord GOTH.

HA! what has he done?—has he retaken Newfoundland? has he concluded a juſt and advantageous peace?——thoſe hideous looks of thine———they harrow up my ſoul with fear and wonder!

ANISEED.

THINGS are not yet ſo deſperate as your Lordſhip's apprehenſion preconceives: but, our lands are overgrown with thiſtles—inſatiate B—e, not content with having filled our army, navy, treaſury, and penſion-liſt with his countrymen, has even planted one of them as a ſcullion in the Royal kitchen.

Lord GOTH.

OH horrible!—in time that ſcullion will riſe into a cook, and then the Caledonian haggiſh will ſmoak beneath the noſtrils of a Britiſh King—Foh! the very proſpect turns my ſtomach.

ANISEED.

THAT caudle—that caudle, good my Lord, which the aldermen and common-council, ſo lately ſwilled, was made— *(animus meminiſſe horrret!)*———was made of Scottiſh oatmeal!——— The cuſtoms and the manners of thoſe northern free-booters, gain ground apace———I hear the piper of Inverary is to be appointed maſter of his Majeſty's band of muſic———I expect to ſee the nobles of this land appearing at court without breeches, like ſo many Highland chiefs; and I ſuppoſe, in half a century, there will not be one temple of Cloacina left in England, except perchance, one ſingle fane among your Lordſhip's collection of rarities.

Lord GOTH.

GOOD heaven avert the dire calamity!

ANISEED.

METHINKS I ſee the mighty Earl Gothamſtowe wrapped in a chequered plaid: theſe delicate thighs expoſed to the bleak winds of winter; that head———that comely head———

Lord

Lord GOTH.

No more! my friend———

ANISEED.

THAT ample head, the magazine of wit—

Lord GOTH.

NAY, prithee, honeſt Aniſeed—

ANISEED.

THE repoſitory of ſcience ———

Lord GOTH.

DEAR captain! truce———

ANISEED.

THE favourite reſidence of wiſdom———

Lord GOTH.

FOR heaven's ſake!—

ANISEED.

THE ſacred temple of taſte———

Lord GOTH.

SPARE me, good Iago———

ANISEED.

THE ever-ſpringing fountain of political ſagacity;——that peerleſs head diſgraced with a blue-bonnet: a ruſty iron-hilted ferrara depending from theſe puiſſant loins; and theſe elegant limbs caſed in woollen buſkins ſtriped with green and yellow.

Lord GOTH.

O MONSTROUS! monſtrous! ſhroud me from the frightful portrait thou haſt drawn!—but, ſay my friend, did theſe ſame aldermen ſwallow their draughts of caudle with marks of ſatisfaction? or did they ſeem (like Piſtol) to drink in token of revenge.

ANISEED.

THEY drank in ſeeming extaſy, like veteran goſſips uſed to chriſtenings.

Lord GOTH.

DEGENERATE brutes! yet I conſole myſelf by reflecting, that our friend Mr. Alderman Rumford would not be preſent at that hateful ceremony.

ANISEED.

THAT Alderman, my Lord, is no true Britiſh ſpirit—he will not

not be found proof—already he capitulates with the foe—a title brings him over to the c———t———

Lord GOTH.

HA! will he then apoſtatize? what right has ſuch a caitiff to renounce the principles he profeſſed, and veer about with every wind of intereſt or ambition? This is the privilege of ſuperior ſpirits, like my brother and myſelf—I mean my brother of adoption. He who changed his party as often as he changed his cloaths; who, like ſome of our G—n allies, appeared in the front of oppoſite armies in the courſe of one campaign; who pocketted the reward of patriotiſm, and then openly received the wages of a c—t; who, without any reaſon aſſigned, eſpouſed with all a lover's ardour to day, thoſe very meaſures which he yeſterday condemned to reprobation; who by turns reviled, and truckled to a weak and corrupt ad——n; who ſucceſſively deſerted three royal and indulgent maſters at their time of need, and retreated with a penſion, in order to inſult his benefactor; who could thus confound all the ordinary diſtinctions of right and wrong; adopt every known form of contradiction and inconſiſtency; and defy every deciſion of common ſenſe, without forfeiting the eſteem and worſhip of the multitude.——

ANISEED.

THESE are are undoubted marks of a tranſcendant genius. Your Lordſhip too, has given ſome ſhining ſpecimens of the ſame egregious conduct.—We all remember the figure you made, and the orations you delivered among the independent electors of Weſtminſter, when you inveighed with ſuch force of eloquence and argument, againſt the brothers who then directed the helm of g———t; when the cocoa-tree was revered as the temple of true patriotiſm; when the Th—e itſelf was ridiculed as the ſeat of ſordid avarice, and the Lord of Cl—em—t, as the miniſter of folly and corruption. With what dignity of tranſition do we now behold your Lordſhip, beaming in the oppoſite extreme! upbraiding the preſent m—y, with favouring the men who ſat under the ſhadow of that very tree, which your Lordſhip now ſtigmatizes as the notorious rendezvous of Jacobitiſh diſaffection. With what peculiar grace, does your Lordſhip now extol the wiſdom and the

virtue

virtue of that conſummate ſtateſman lately ſet aſide, whom your raillery and rhetoric had ſo often repreſented as the ſhameleſs broker of venality; as the ludicrous ape of politics, that from the ſummit of greatneſs, expoſed his naked poſteriors to the contempt and laughter of mankind! ———

Lord GOTH.

THESE, my friend Aniſeed, are the peculiarities of mighty minds, that in their revolutions are not reſtricted by the laws which influence inferior planets. Our ſeeming irregularities and eccentricity, ſerve only to increaſe the wonder and the reverence of thoſe who mark our courſe. But for a wretch like Rumford, a thing produced by ſome low negro-driver; reared among ſugar-canes in one of our plantations; nouriſhed with molaſſes, and ſent hither in a puncheon of rum; he to pretend to motion retrogade! he preſume to fall of from his engagements, and enter into a ſeparate treaty;———'tis preternatural and portentous!—there is no faith in man—and now I do remember—Thou, Aniſeed,—even thou art ſaid to row one way and look another, with war and vengeance on thy tongue, but peace and penſion in thy heart.

ANISEED.

MY Lord, I have not merited this keen reproach—The ſcripture ſaith, a man muſt leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife: but, I have forſaken father, mother, family, and friends, nay, wife and all, and cleaved unto your Lordſhip. I have inliſted myſelf under the banner of your reſentment, and proſecuted all your views in ſpite of conſcience, loyalty and truth—In your cauſe I have encountered detection and diſgrace, and with a countenance unabaſhed, reproduced the lie three times refuted---I have run the riſk of *pumpings, purgings, blankettings, and blows.*

Lord GOTH.

———*Thou ſhouldſt be honeſt*—

ANISEED.

I ſhould be wiſe—honeſty is out of the queſtion.---true, I have been tampered with; but, my attachment to your Lordſhip enabled me to withſtand the temptation---even now I might be appointed ſcavenger to the palace, on the eaſy terms of clearing away the filth which I have there diſcharged----

Lord

Lord GOTH.

No eaſy taſk, God-wot---the Augean ſtable was not more befouled; and that required the ſtrength of Hercules--- but ſee--who comes?

ANISEED.

IT is our ſetter Peto; a truſty varlet---how now Peto---

PETO.

PRELIMINARIES of the peace undoubtedly are ſigned---

Lord GOTH.

HA! what! how! where? when?----heaven and earth----haſte Aniſeed, again adore the powers of Calumny---dip thy pen in gall---let looſe thy dogs of rancour---feign, fib, and forge---decry the terms, altho' thou knoweſt them not, as ſhameful, infamous, and ruinous---annihilate the council, and transfer the entire blame of this pernicious peace, upon the Scotchman's ſhoulders---O for a daſh of treaſon to inflame the account---Had ye but courage to incur the ſmart of pains and penalties---how ſhould I rejoice to ſee my Aniſeed exalted to the pillory! to behold our parſon Brawn ſhorn of his ears! to hear the ſcourge reſounding from the back of Birch the pædagogue! *that were a conſummation devoutly to be wiſh'd!*----away.----

(To be continued.)

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